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Bliss of Solitude

In my solitude,
silence whispers...
It makes me think deeper.
I get drowned in the current of vagueness.
There, I feel contented for a while.

Far from the madding crowd.
There is a world of my own.
I dwell there often, wishing my desires come true.
A melancholy persists in my heart.
I wander in search of tranquility;
I hold on to it.

But suddenly I quiver,
I open my eyes and smile,
I smile at my bafflement,
and finally return.
I return back to the world of boastful, bravado and humbugs...